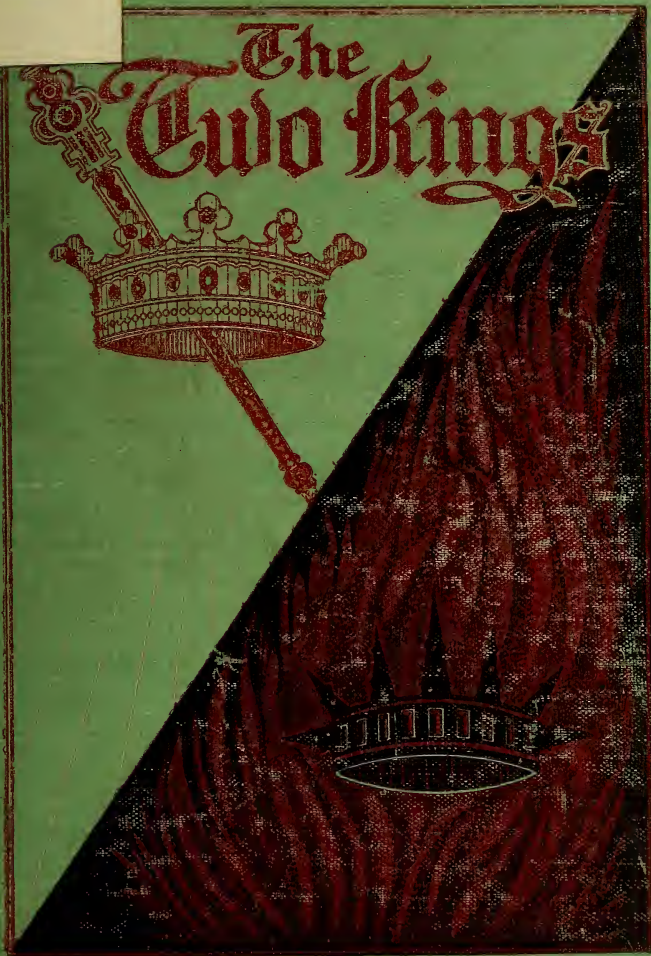


BV 4315
.S35



Schubert



Class BY4315

Book S35

Copyright N^o _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



THE TWO KINGS

OR

Talks for the Young

BY

REV. L. H. SCHUH, A. M., PH. D.

RE
President of Capital University, Columbus, Ohio.

Author of "How to Make Marriage a Success."

LUTHERAN BOOK CONCERN

COLUMBUS, OHIO

1908

BV4315
.S35

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
Two Copies Received
OCT 19 1908
RECEIVED
OCT 9 1908
CLASS a
219588
COPY B.

Copyright 1908.

By LOUIS H. SCHUH.



PREFACE.

WHILE the writer was still in the pastorate he frequently delivered special addresses to the young in the congregation. A number of these addresses are here given in print with the hope of reaching and benefiting a wider circle of persons.

Those who have attempted the task of addressing boys and girls from 8-15 years of age, know what a difficult matter it is to hold their attention and to make plain to them the great truths of our faith. Such persons will be inclined to be charitable in their judgment on this work.

In view of the flood of juvenile books mostly of a trashy nature that are poured upon our boys and girls, it is to be hoped that there will be enough friends who desire

stronger and more wholesome food to justify the publication of this booklet.

God speed thee on thy way!

THE AUTHOR.

Columbus, Ohio, October 1908.

CONTENTS.

THE TWO KINGS.....	7
THE PERFECT PATTERN.....	37
A SAVIOR.....	63
THE GREAT LIGHT.....	87
A MYSTERIOUS CHANGE.....	109



The Two Kings.

*"This is the month and this the happy morn
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal
King
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born;
Our great redemption from above did
bring,
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should re-
lease,
And with His Father work in a perpetual
peace."*

—MILTON.

THE TWO KINGS.

Once upon a time there was a king whose name was Agathos. He had received this name from his people. He was so very kind to all his people that they called him Agathos, which means the good. He seemed to think little about himself. All his attention was bestowed upon his subjects.

True, he lived in a palace befitting his station; you would not expect a king to live in a barn. This palace had spikes of gold on the roof. Its walls were crystal, and, when the rising sun shone on it, the beholder was fairly dazzled. Those who passed by heard strains of music; not jerky, harsh strains, but soft and low as if the court were attending worship. Then the chorus would grow louder and louder, while human voices mingled with instruments, until it seemed that the walls could scarcely contain the

volume of sound. The people of the court were singing the praises of the king.

Surrounding the palace was a beautiful park. It was planned by the king himself. Trees wonderful to behold, covered with leaves and flowers, abounded here; and here the king came out in the cool of the evening and talked with his people.

His robes were such as befitted a king. You would not expect him to go in rags. He was usually clad in a garment that was white as light. Even his clothing expressed his purity and perfection.

There never was a government like his. The king concerned himself about every person and everything. There were no poor, nor sick, nor crippled in all his land. He went about among the people and saw that they had plenty of good food and clothing. If anybody was out of work he provided it. If anybody needed money, he furnished it. If any sickness threatened to attack a person, he warded it off. If any danger threat-

ened to injure anyone, he knew how to prevent it.

The birds were not afraid of him, but would come and eat from his hand. Lions would not growl at him, they loved to look on his face. Snakes would not bite him, and the cattle would not run from his presence.

There were no guards placed around his palace and his throne. Those who wished to speak to him could go in and out at pleasure. There was no need to lock his doors, for his people all loved him so that not one of them would do him any harm.

When he walked along the street the children would flock around him, for he always had presents for them and told them such interesting stories. The parents would greet him with a shout. No one felt like running, because they had done no evil and did not feel guilty. He was never so happy as when he was with his people, and they were never so happy as when they were with him.

Hard by this kingdom was another. It was ruled by a king whose people called him

Kakos, which means the bad one. He was not interested in his subjects. He did not make laws to protect, but oppress them. It was a favorite sport of his to tie a man in a skin and then cast him to the dogs to be destroyed. Sometimes he would hang a man up for a couple of hours by his thumbs, or toes.

Once he took two trees and bent their tops together. Then he ordered an unfortunate man to be tied by one leg to each top. Suddenly the trees were let fly. The man was lifted into the air and torn to pieces.

Everybody in the kingdom had some burden to bear, or some disagreeable task to perform. Everybody was crippled, or lame, or blind, or deaf, or dumb. Some lay for years in one position and prayed for death to come, they were so tired of lying.

When the people complained about their hardships he would smile a real devilish smile and say: "Oh, just wait. This is only the beginning of your troubles. Do you see that black hole under yonder mountain?"

Well, that mountain is a great oven. I am having it heated until it gets white hot. Then I will cast all you folks in there. Now go back to your work. And mind that you keep at it with all your might."

So the people went away with tears in their eyes and wondered how long they could stand it and whether they would live till the promised deliverer would come.

Kakos and Agathos were at one time good friends. Kakos lived in the palace of Agathos and held a very high position there. He stood a great deal in the presence of the king and helped to control the kingdom. He was one of the leading men of the court.

But one day an evil thought came into the heart of Kakos. He thought that he would like to be king. Of course, he knew that there was not room for two kings, and that it would be necessary for him to crowd the king from his throne. At first he shrunk from the bad thought, but as it came again and again, he finally gave way to it. This was the saddest hour of his life.

The more he thought about it, the more it pleased him. It caused him some pain to think that the good king would have to be bound hand and foot and cast out of the palace. This was the more painful when it occurred to him that Agathos had never done him any harm, but, on the contrary, had raised him up to his position and honor. But Kakos wanted to be first in the realm. There was something in his heart that goaded him on.

Of course, he knew that he could not by himself accomplish his object. One day while he was walking in the park in the rear of the garden, he met an intimate friend. This one congratulated him upon his exalted position and the honor which Kakos was receiving at court. Then Kakos thanked him and suddenly said: "Oh how I would like to be king." Then he went on to confide in his friend and told him how he had planned to dethrone Agathos and assume the rule himself.

He promised his friend many honors if

he would help. It was not long until he was persuaded and promised to get all of his friends to help.

One would scarcely believe it possible and yet it is true, that in a few days a large number of the court had joined the conspiracy. They had laid a plot. While the king took his evening walk, Kakos and two others would rush on him and bind him. The rest were to prevent his friends from rescuing him. And every one who helped in the work was to receive a high position. Everything was ready for the onset.

By some means the plot was discovered. Agathos at first was not willing to believe that his tried friend had turned traitor. But the evidence was so strong that he could not disbelieve it.

He proceeded to act. He armed his faithful followers. He stationed them where they could rush to the rescue. He had never before carried a sword, but now he hid one under the folds of his garments.

In the evening he went out for his ac-

customed walk. He passed along the front of the palace. Thence down to the grotto and around the fountain. He crossed the footbridge toward the chapel and when his feet rested upon the middle section, it gave way. He fell below. Kakos and his friends leaped upon him. There was a shriek for help. The whole court was alarmed. Everywhere men rushed forth. Some came to help and some to hinder his capture. The beautiful palace and park were turned into a scene of blood. Nine days the conflict lasted. At times it seemed as if Kakos would be victorious and then the tide would turn. After a desperate struggle, which engaged every soul about the court, right prevailed. Kakos and his followers were expelled, and the palace and grounds were made fast against them.

Once more Agathos sat on his throne. He was sole ruler. But his heart was sad when he thought of his former friends and of the lot that awaited them.

Kakos and his followers went to a neigh-

boring country and set up a government. According to agreement, Kakos was made chief ruler; but, contrary to all expectation, this man was so selfish that he disregarded the rights of all his subjects. They would come to him and remind him of his former promises, but he ignored all of them. Such persons who did not render absolute obedience he tortured into submission, until every one trembled when he was called into the presence of the king.

One day Kakos issued a proclamation that all his people were to assemble for the discussion of a very important matter. The people read the proclamation and many of them thought that they would not go, but others said that refusal to attend the meeting might mean death. They resolved to go.

The day arrived. From all parts the people came. They were a sorry sight. Some were sick, others lame, others disfigured, having felt the anger of the king.

Every one was full of expectation. The

hall was crowded, and when Kakos arose there was a stillness like death upon the assembly. The king stretched forth his hand to command still greater silence. Then he began to speak.

“Subjects of my kingdom. It affords me pleasure to see you here in such large numbers. You evidently respect my power and therein you do well, for I am determined that at any cost I will maintain my station.”

Then there was a cloud passed over his face. It became more determined and set and in a deep guttural tone that indicated hatred and revenge he continued.

“I have called you together to consult how we may take revenge on Agathos.” With that a great shout arose from the multitude. “Revenge on Agathos. Hear ! Hear !”

Kakos stretched forth his hand again and silence fell on them. He said: “Since we have been cast out of the palace and land of Agathos, my heart has had but one desire.

I long to be revenged. True, we cannot overcome Agathos. He is too securely enclosed in his palace and his army is too mighty for us. But we can offend him. We can grieve him. Let us see what we may to-day invent that will cause him pain. He who proposes the worst thing, shall have greatest honor."

One prince arose and suggested to try by might to storm the palace. He was not yet convinced that it could not be done. But Kakos did not take to the plan. The people did not seem willing, they had not forgotten their former experience.

Another suggested to lay a plot for the life of Agathos. He thought they might succeed in corrupting some of his subjects and that they might assist them. But one arose and said: "I myself stabbed Agathos in the rebellion. But he cannot be wounded. He is immortal."

Then Kakos fairly jumped to his feet. Said he, "I am mindful of a distant colony which the king has. I know with what care

he dotes on it. He has taken the utmost pains to situate the people well. He himself laid out their dwelling place and has planned their welfare. Well do I remember how he told me: 'Lucifer (that was the name of Kakos while still at the court of Agathos). I expect great things from this colony. I love the people as I love my own subjects.' "

Then Kakos continued: "I will go to that colony. I will deceive the people. I will make them doubt the goodness and truthfulness of Agathos; I will promise them even greater blessings, if they will follow me. This will be the greatest pain that we can inflict on Agathos."

Then he laughed. He shrieked till all the people trembled.

Having recovered himself he said: "In every other matter we have disagreed. Our government has been torn by many contentions. But there is one thing on which we certainly can all agree. Are you all willing to seek revenge on Agathos; if so say: 'Aye'."

There was a leaping up upon the benches. A cry arose: "Aye, Aye!" It was many minutes until order was restored. The people all rejoiced that there was at least one thing on which all had agreed. "Revenge," was heard from every mouth and written on every face.

The meeting adjourned. Its purpose was accomplished.

The king in his own person undertook the work. It was a long journey to that distant colony. But he was driven by a burning desire to be revenged. It did not seem to occur to him that it was his own fault that he was cast out of the court of Agathos and when the thought came he banished it from his mind.

As he journeyed he meditated a plan. Undoubtedly the colonists had heard of the difficulties in the land of Agathos. It would not do to make it known that he was the leader of that rebellion. This must be hidden. His only hope was to represent himself as a friend of the colonists and, if pos-

sible, he must lead them to doubt the goodness of their king.

On the third morning of his journey he sees the chief city coming in sight. Once more he tests his plans. It occurred to him that these people in no way whatever had offended him, but he said: "What of that? It will grieve Agathos. That's enough." And so he went on.

As he entered the city by one of the main streets it led him by a large common. From the number of people present he concluded that something unusual must be going on. So there was. They had the custom of holding an annual gathering at which they recounted the good things which they had enjoyed under the reign of Agathos.

Kakos stood and listened. He knew that all their statements were true, and that nothing but goodness characterized the land.

He stepped forward and asked for permission to speak. "Dear people," he said, "I am a stranger among you and I am amazed at the goodness of your king. But

let me ask you, Why has the king forbidden you to eat freely of all manner of fruit? Or am I misinformed? Would so good a king refuse his people anything that is for their good? Certainly he has not forbidden it." But they insisted that he had. Then Kakos said: "There must be a reason for that. Your king knows that if you eat of it, you will become as wise as he is. This he dreads. Why are you so foolish to obey? Would you not like to be as wise as the king?"

They listened. They paused. They thought that he might be right.

He promised them that if they would go with him they should receive still better treatment. He painted in glowing colors the glories of his own country. He praised the virtue of the forbidden fruit.

The people renounced Agathos. They turned to Kakos. They did according to their heart's desire. They were deceived. They seemed jubilant at first. But no sooner had they let Kakos set up his throne until they found out what a tyrant he was,

They accused him of lying. He laughed. He began to impose burdens on them; they died from the effects. The same cruel practices of his own country he introduced here.

Mothers wept when they saw their children killed. Men began to grow stooped from hard work. Children were left in ignorance and suffered want. People no longer were affectionate and helpful as formerly. It was a changed world.

The news of this estrangement of his colony was carried to Agathos. It grieved him sorely. He wept. He called his court together and broke the news. Silently they received it. How thankful they were that they had escaped the snares of Kakos and that they were still with the good king.

The king was sad. There was but one thought uppermost in his mind, namely, how he could rescue these deceived people. His son saw the pain of his father and came and said: "Father, send me at the head of our army. Let me fight this wicked man and rescue these people from him."

It was a happy thought. The face of the king lit up and he said: "Will you go and endure all the hardships of war and possibly lose your life?"

"Yes," he answered, "seeing how much your happiness is wrapped up in these people, I will rescue them for your sake."

Agathos ordered the fullest preparations to be made for war. He knew that it was the only way in which he could overcome so bad a man as Kakos. From all parts of his realm he gathered his soldiers. His generals were marshalling the army and no pains were spared to make it efficient. As they had driven Kakos from their own land once, so now he was to be driven from the colony.

Over in Terra, so the colony was called, a man and his wife sat by the bedside of a dying child. It was their only child. The boy had been born to them; for six years he had brightened their home. Then suddenly he was stricken by some dread sickness.

All night as he lay in a delirium the par-

ents watched over him. They said but little. Their words were choked back by sobs. They knew that the boy must die.

“Oh,” sobbed the mother, “is there no help? If only Agathos knew of our distress. What have we done! What have we done! to renounce so good a king. Such suffering we did not formerly know.”

Then she stooped over the bed again. The boy was just breathing. His face was no more flushed with fever. It was like ashes. His brow was cold and clammy. She knew that a change had taken place, but she had never seen death yet.

She attempted to raise his head. Just when she lifted it, he gasped. There was a gurgling sound. His features were set. His hands closed. His breath was gone. Her boy was dead.

The parents were dumb. But recovering from the first shock the mother shrieked: “O Agathos, O Agathos, is there no way to escape this misery and once more to be happy?”

There was a low rap at the door. The latch lifted and a man entered. He had a long flowing beard and garments. His face had no traces of suffering on it, but goodness beamed from it.

He laid his hand on the woman and said sympathetically: "Peace be with you, Mother. I heard your cry and your mention of the name of my king. I see your grief and its terrible cause. I am come to tell you that there is relief coming for you and all the people. Agathos is even now marshalling his army. His own son will head it and it is determined that Kakos shall be driven from this land and you shall be free. Be patient. Wait."

She seemed to forget her sorrow. Hope lit up her face. "And is it true that we shall be free from the power of this cruel Kakos?"

"Yes, deliverance is coming," he said.

"Then go and tell my sorrowing sister and my distressed relatives." She directed him to other homes.

The message went from mouth to mouth. Oh, the good king be praised. He will deliver us." Everywhere people carried their burdens stronger. They bore sorrow more cheerfully. Because they knew that their troubles were coming to an end.

A year passed but no army came. The hopes of the people drooped. Some thought that the messenger was a deceiver; others thought that there must be some unaccountable delay. But it was known that the man had really been among them. It was such a joyful message that at the very thought of it hope revived and they clung to it. But would the king's son come? Oh if they only knew!

Another year passed. Still no sign of deliverance. Now some felt sure that the messenger had simply deceived them. The world looked sadder. Their burdens were heavier.

An old man is grinding at the mill. His arm is withered and his cheeks sunken. Beads of sweat ooze from his forehead and

fall to the ground. He breathes very heavily, for the task is beyond his strength. His overseer has increased his task and twice to-day he has flogged him for not working faster. His son has tried to come to the rescue by taking a part of the work on himself, but when the taskmaster noticed it, he beat him and laid more work on him.

Suddenly the old man lifts up his hands to heaven and cries: "O Agathos, we have deserved this. But must we suffer forever?" He fell to the ground. He fainted. The task was beyond his strength. His son sought to revive him. But his life was ebbing away.

"Back to your task, you dog!" shouted the overseer.

An hour the old man lay in the burning sun. Again his eyes opened. His strength revived. In a whisper he sighed: "O Agathos, come. Send thy son with the army. Help us." His hands were clasped as if in prayer.

A form stooped over him and a voice

said: "I hear you mention the name of my king. Agathos will soon send deliverance. The army is ready. The son is impatient. Victory is sure. Only believe."

"I do," whispered the dying man. "But go and tell my people everywhere." His eyes rolled. His jaw dropped. He was dead.

The messenger went from mill to mill, from task to task. "He is coming. Cheer up." And they who had been bowed to the earth stood erect, for there was a new hope within them. This time the messenger went throughout the realm. The people received him with joy and he comforted them that they were to be removed from the colony and taken back to the court of the king.

They grew impatient from long waiting.

Adown the street comes a horseman. There is an intent look upon his face, for he rides to reach a goal. He bears an important message. The flanks of the horse are heaving and blood breaks from his nostrils. His neck is stretched to the utmost and his

eyes are glassy. He is urged to the limit of his ability and life.

Past the guards the horseman dashes into the palace grounds. No resistance is offered, for his mien and manner betoken great danger. As he nears the palace he rises in his stirrups and with super-human effort he shouts: "The army! The army! The son! The son!"

The cry is taken up in the palace hall. There is a clanking of arms within and a rattling of artillery without. The commanders shout orders, while the subordinates reshout and obey them.

The regiments are marshalled and are ready for marching. Anxious foreboding fills their hearts.

Kakos was revelling when the messenger came. He seemed nailed to the floor. His generals urge him to action, but his hands refuse to do duty. He knows that the decisive hour has come, that he will be driven from the colony and made to retreat in shame.

But at last he summons his courage. He rushes forth and swings himself into the saddle of the waiting steed. Then his face grows lurid like fire. He grasps his sword, buries the spurs in the flanks of his horse and dashes forward to stand at the head of the army. If there is anything of strength, or ability, or treachery in him, he means to put it forth now. He will not give up his hold on these people and this country.

Without the city the army is drawn up in battle array. There is the booming of cannon. The conflict grows more deadly. But as the son sees his enemy he marks him for his prey. All around there is the most deadly conflict.

With a shout of victory the two combatants rush at each other. Kakos deals the son an overpowering blow. He reels from his horse.

All along the line there is a shout of triumph, "Long live King Kakos."

The advancing host of the son fall back

for a moment. Can it be that their captain is slain? Will they lose the fight?

The shout of triumph came too soon. See, he rallies. Once more he has seated himself. He who was considered dead, lives. He deals Kakos a death blow. His hosts turn and flee. Consternation strikes them.

The advancing army of the son shout: "Hallelujah. The kingdom is won!" As they ride into the city the colonists meet him and thank him for their deliverance. He shows them his bloody wounds and they kiss them.

Together with the son they return to the court of Agathos, no more to leave it.

Who is King Agathos? It is God who in the beginning dwelt in heaven surrounded by multitudes of good angels. Among these was Satan. Originally he was good and stood near the throne of God and had a position of great honor. He belonged to the highest rank of the angels, to the arch-angels.

But he turned away from God. He wished to dethrone God and was cast out of heaven into hell, where he rules as a terrible tyrant and brings misery on all who fell away from God.

To offend God he came to Paradise and deceived Adam and Eve. He led them into the sin of disobedience, which was punished with all kind of diseases and especially with death.

From this state the good Lord Jesus, the Son of God, came to save men. His coming was foretold by the prophets such as Moses, David, Isaiah and Jeremiah. They came at long intervals, so much so that people often despaired of the coming of Christ. But at last in the fullness of time He came.

Many hailed His arrival with delight. Such were the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem who first heard the news of His birth. Simeon and Anna also gave Him a welcome. Many others paid no attention to Him, for He was not such a Savior as they expected. They wanted a Savior who would

restore the Jewish nation to earthly power and glory.

In fulfilling His work the Lord gave His life for the sins of the world. He died on the cross. By giving His life He paid the penalty of sin.

But He did not remain in death. On the third day he arose from the dead. Satan and all the hellish host rejoiced when He died, for they thought that He was overcome. But it was too soon. When He came forth from the grave He gave the proof that He was mightier than death and Satan.

Jesus has made it possible for us to be free from the power of Satan and after death to enter the presence of God and to enjoy the glories of heaven. There we shall see Him and be with Him for ever.

Satan destroyed and ruined the work of God, but "for this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil."



The Perfect Pattern.

*"Unless above himself he can erect
himself, how poor a thing is man!"*

—DANIEL.

THE PERFECT PATTERN.

You have seen your Mamma making a dress. She lays a piece of goods on the table. Then she goes to the cupboard and gets down a box. It is full of paper rolls. She calls them her "patterns."

There are patterns there for dresses and aprons and waists and a variety of garments. Mamma could not get along without the patterns.

After she has laid her goods on the table, she unrolls one of the rolls and takes out a piece of paper. She lays it on the goods. Then she takes a scissors and cuts out a piece of the goods that looks like a piece of the paper.

So she goes on until she has quite a number of pieces cut. She begins to sew them together. By and by she holds up a little dress and says: "Come here, pet, let me see how this will fit you."

Mamma needs a pattern when she makes a dress, and the pieces in the dress are just like the pattern. It is her guide. She tries to get a good pattern or the dress will not fit. If the pattern has any faults in it, if one piece is too big or too little, too long or too short, she can't make the dress fit.

When I was a boy my parents lived close to a foundry and I often looked in to see the workmen do their work.

“What is a foundry?”

A foundry is a shop in which men make things of iron. In such a shop you will find a large heap of sand. A man comes and sifts some of it into a box. Then he lays a pattern on the sand. Probably it is a stove lid.

He then sifts more sand on the top and packs it tight. Then he opens the box in the middle, takes out the pattern and closes the box. There is an impression left in the sand. It is a hole just like the pattern.

Toward evening men come along with a ladle full of molten iron. It is just as thin

as water. They pour the impression in the sand full of iron. The iron cools in a short time. The box is opened and there is the stove lid, just like the model.

The men are very careful to get a perfect model. Pattern makers must be very exact. If they make a model with an imperfection in it, all the things cast after that model would be imperfect. So they work very long and carefully on a pattern.

They always try to get the right model. If a man wants to cast a stove lid he does not take the pattern for a kettle or a flat iron. Men understand that the casting will be like the pattern. They hunt till they have the right one.

Boys and girls grow up to be men and women. In order to do this right they must have a pattern to serve them as a guide. They do not know what is right and how they may please God. They need some one to tell them. Sin has made men blind and ignorant. Therefore we need some one after whom we may model our lives. What a mis-

take it is if children do not find the perfect pattern. After their characters are once formed it is very hard to change them.

You remember that Samson had his eyes jabbed out by the Philistines. Of course, he was blind after that. One day they called him to a great festival. He was to amuse the people. Being so very powerful he undoubtedly was to perform feats of strength. He would toss up heavy objects, hold them at arms length, poise them on his hand. We all admire great strength.

But Samson could not find these objects. A lad had to lead him about and guide him. Without the guide Samson could do nothing. He had in mind to rend the two pillars on which the amusement hall rested and thus destroy the building and kill all the people.

But he was blind. He could not find the two posts and had to ask his guide to lead him up to them. When he found them, he called on God to help him. He gave him his great strength and Samson tore the pillars from their foundation and killed the ene-

mies of the Lord. But he had to depend on the help of his guide.

What the Philistines did for the body of Samson that sin has done for our souls. It has made us blind. We cannot see what is right and pleasing to God. We cannot do it. We need a guide. Some one must show us what the will of God is and teach us how to do it.

If the boy had led Samson to the wrong place, he could not have accomplished his purpose. Samson depended on his guide to lead him aright. The boy could very easily have taken the advantage of Samson, for he was stone blind. But the lad led him to the right place.

A boy or a girl will succeed in growing up to be a good man or woman according to the pattern which they chose. They must have a guide. If they are so unfortunate as to choose a poor one, he will lead them astray and they turn out to be bad men and women. There is no use to try to accomplish anything without a guide.

Some years ago a man attempted to cross the Rocky Mountains. It was necessary for him to do so. His friends warned him to hire a guide. But he said: "I know where I am going and can get along without any help."

Well, he did get along for a while. Presently he came to a fork in the road. He was undecided which one to take. But he thought that the fork to the right would lead him in the desired direction. For a while all went well. Then the trail became indistinct. At last it was lost. He wandered around a great deal and tried to get back. His provisions failed. And more than a year afterwards a surveying party found his dead body. He thought that he could guide himself. But when too late he discovered his mistake. His self-dependence cost him his life.

"I know where to find the pattern. I would look into the Bible," says little John.

Well, that is very good, but it would not do to take every man spoken of in the Bible

as a pattern. The Good Book tells about some wicked men and they would not do at all. It also tells about some good men, yet even they could serve as models only in some points. Not in all. They had faults, and it would not do to imitate them.

The Bible tells about Judas. His weakness was greed. He so loved money that for 30 pieces of silver he was willing to betray his best friend, our Savior. He was so greedy for money, that for this small sum he was willing to hand Jesus over to His enemies. It would not do to take Judas as a pattern.

Neither could you take King Ahab as a guide. He was married to a blood-thirsty woman and she goaded him on in his sins.

Ahab wished to enlarge his palace grounds. There was a piece of land next to the royal garden which belonged to Naboth. Ahab was willing to buy the ground, but Naboth was not willing to sell it. The land was an inheritance and Naboth prized it on this account. It had belonged to his father.

This so angered Ahab that he went home and went to bed sick. His godless wife knew how to help matters. She gave some wicked men money and they appeared before court and testified that Naboth had spoken evil of the Lord and of the king.

Any man who did that was to be stoned to death. Naboth was innocent, but upon the testimony of several wicked men he was convicted and stoned to death.

Ahab so coveted his neighbor's property that he committed murder to get it. Coveting is a terrible sin and sometimes leads to murder. You would make an awful mistake if you took Ahab for your pattern.

You could not take Lot for your guide in everything. Lot was a God-fearing man and came with his uncle, Abraham, over to the Holy Land from Mesopotamia. These men grew so rich in the Land of Promise that they had to separate. They had so many herds that their herdsmen were continually quarrelling about the pasture.

When the two men saw that it was neces-

sary to separate, Abraham gave Lot the choice. Lot looked toward Sodom. He saw that the region was well watered. He knew that this meant plenty of pasture. But he left out of the account the wicked people.

At first he pitched his tent toward Sodom. Finally he got into the city. He got to be almost as bad as the inhabitants. Shameless sins were practiced on the streets.

The Lord could suffer these sins no more and he resolved to destroy the city. He rescued Lot by two angels. But he lost all his property and his wife. He saved only his life.

In making money you could not afford to expose your soul to so great dangers as Lot did and therefore you could not follow him.

King Saul might do as a guide in some things, but he is far from being a perfect model. When he was first chosen king by the people he was so modest that he hid himself. Modesty is very becoming in young people.

Neither would he take revenge on those

who did not wish to acknowledge him king. To refrain from revenge is a great virtue.

But Saul made some great mistakes. Jehovah sent him down into the land of Midian and told him to utterly destroy the Amalakites. When Moses was leading the Israelites from Egypt to Canaan these people refused to let him pass.

But Moses beat them. Joshua led the army to battle. Moses held his hands in blessing over them and as long as his hands were lifted up, Joshua and the army conquered. And when his hands sunk, they lost. So Aaron and Hur stood under his arms and held them up till sunset, and they had a great victory and passed on their way.

But the Lord did not forget this. So after about 400 years He sent Saul down to kill all their people and their cattle. They had by this time grown so utterly wicked that the Lord could no longer tolerate them.

But Saul disobeyed. He reserved the king and the best of the cattle. He made an excuse that he wanted the cattle for sacrifice,

but Samuel told him that "Obedience is better than sacrifice." Saul so far departed from Jehovah that he committed suicide after losing the battle of Gilboa.

Surely you could not afford to take this man as your pattern and make the same terrible mistakes which he made.

King David might serve as an example in some things, but not in all. He is no perfect pattern.

He refused to avenge himself on King Saul. He sought the life of David. Once when David was playing on the harp to drive the evil spirit away from Saul, he tried to thrust him to the wall with his javelin.

Later he pursued David with soldiers. David had to leave home and flee. Saul came into a cave. David was so near that he cut off a bit of his mantle. He could easily have killed his deadly enemy, but he feared God and restrained his hand. He showed Saul the bit of cloth after he had gone away and

he was obliged to say: "Surely you are more righteous than I."

It is forbidden to take revenge on our enemies. We incline to do it; but David mastered his feelings. In that he showed himself a good man.

David was a man of many wars. He conquered all the nations that bordered on the Holy Land. At last while his army was out finishing up a campaign he stayed at home. He was idle. Idleness led him into two sins.

He saw a woman whom he wanted for his wife. When he sent for her she already had a husband. But David so lusted after her that he sent a note to his chief captain, Joab, to place Uriah, the husband of Bathshebah, in the thickest of the fight where he would be sure to get killed. His orders were obeyed. Uriah was killed.

David thus committed murder and adultery. He repented of these crimes and they were forgiven. But it would not do in all things to follow King David.

So we might go on and show you that it

would not do to take Aaron and Moses, Eli and Samuel and a long list of ancient worthies as your guide in everything. They are not perfect patterns. All these men were sinful. They all made mistakes. Some of them erred grievously and were even lost.

There is not a mere man mentioned in the entire Bible whom it would do to imitate in everything. If we follow them entirely we will often go wrong and grieve God.

There was but one perfect pattern. That was our Savior. Him the Bible sets before us as our guide in everything. He had no sin. He never did anything wrong. He knew the entire will of God and He always did it. We can make no mistake in anything if we follow Him. If you take Him as your guide He will lead you safely through this life into that which is to come.

Jesus was conceived by the Holy Ghost. There was no sin in the start of His being. Children are sinful because their parents before them are sinful. None of us are holy

because our parents were not holy. From a sinner only a sinner can be born.

At the baptism of Christ the heavens opened and a voice was heard saying: "This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." The Father found no fault in Him.

Jesus stood before His bitterest enemies asking them: "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" They would gladly have done so if it were possible. He lived among them. They daily observed His life. They hated Him because He accused them of sin and they would have been only too willing to fasten some fault on Him. But it was not possible. He had no sin.

"But, Papa, was it not very easy for Christ to resist sin? Certainly He did not have such a hard time to be good as we have."

Yes, son, it was hard for Jesus to resist sin. We are told that He was "in all points tempted like as we are; but was without sin." Heb. 4, 15.

He was a true man. Sin tried Him as it tries us. But He withstood.

For this very reason He is able to be our Savior because He knows how trying sin is.

The devil in his own person came to Christ to persuade Him to sin. Immediately after His baptism He was led of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted by the devil. The Savior fasted 40 days and 40 nights. Afterwards He was an hungered. Satan thought that this would be a weak place and there he attacked the Lord. He told Him to show that He was the Son of God by commanding the stones lying near by to be turned into bread. But Jesus overcame him by adhering to the Bible.

Then Satan took Christ upon the pinnacle of the temple. It was on one of the porches surrounding the temple court. The distance into the Jordan valley was 450 feet. He told Christ to jump down and thus show Himself to be the Son of God. He further said that no harm would come to Him, since the angels would bear Him up upon their

hands. But the Lord again overcame him by doing what the Bible commands.

At last Satan led the Lord upon an exceeding high mountain and showed Him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them and said: "All these will I give Thee if Thou wilt fall down and worship me." Again Jesus resisted his temptations by holding to the Bible.

The devil is not a man whom you can beat with your fist. He is a spirit. He comes to you by wicked thoughts. You cannot take a sword and cut him. You must watch your thoughts and then do as Jesus did. When he tells you to do wrong, you must say: "No, I cannot. God tells me in the Bible to do otherwise and I will not offend Him."

Because the proper weapon to resist the devil is the Word of God it is called the "sword of the Spirit." In this, Christ is a perfect example. If we do as He did, we will be safe against the temptations of the devil.

The devil is represented as a roaring lion going about seeking whom he may devour.

In the state of Washington there are great forests. The trees are as much as 400 feet high and from 10-14 feet in diameter. In these dense forests many wild animals live. Among them is the North American lion. It has a habit of getting up in a tree and when a man or an animal passes below, it pounces down and crushes its prey. It gives no warning and makes sure work. The people never seem to be safe.

There was once a missionary party going up into central Africa. Of course, the people traveled by ox carts. Every night they drew a circle with the wagons. Within they built a fire and collected the cattle. Why? Because there were lions prowling around at night and no man's life was safe.

Frequently they would shoot out into the dark. Sometimes they could even see the glare of two fiery eyes. All night they were disturbed by growling and kept up a constant watch.

But one night the lions seemed hungry. They had been held at bay so long. In spite of all the watching they attacked the camp. There was a bloody fight. There were two oxen killed. A lion jumped on the leading missionary and broke his arm, and it was only after a desperate struggle that two lions were killed.

David Livingstone, the great African missionary and explorer, knew what the Bible means when it compares Satan to a roaring lion.

The only way to resist him is to be on the watch constantly and to do as the Bible teaches. This example was set us by Jesus.

Our Master was a perfect model to us in obedience to God. The whole life of Jesus is expressed in the one word, obedience.

His Father asked some very hard things of Him, and it cost our Lord a struggle to obey. Yet He submitted. God asked Him to die for the sins of the world. Jesus loved His life as well as we do. Death was terrible to Him as it must be to every human being.

It is the most dreadful of all punishments for sin and we all shrink from it.

So did Jesus. His disciples tried to persuade Him not to suffer death. When it came, we see Him in the garden of Gethsemane crying out: "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

He asked His Father if the world could be redeemed in some other way than by death, to choose that way. But when He learned that there was no other way, that it was necessary for Him to drink the bitter cup, He was ready to die.

He never did anything contrary to the will of His Father. He always asked God what His will was and when He learned it, He did it, no matter how hard it was.

There was a mother whose son was sick. She prayed for his recovery, but the boy grew worse hour by hour. The mother continued in her prayer, but the answer was not such as she had hoped for.

Soon the boy seemed to be dying. The

mother could not give him up. She could not willingly obey the will of God. Then she went to her closet, knelt down and prayed: "Oh God, I have always prayed, 'Thy will be done.' But this time I am going to ask you to let my will be done. It is so hard to give up my son. I cannot obey."

She arose from her knees and went back to the bed. The boy was breathing easier. Next day he was out of danger. In a few weeks he was fully restored to health. She was so happy.

Ten years afterwards her son committed a murder and was sentenced to be hanged. She had her way at first only to see what an awful mistake it was not to give up to the will of God.

Jesus always obeyed God in all things and we will find help in His blessed example.

Our Master not only obeyed His heavenly Father, but His earthly parents.

When Jesus was 12 years old He went with His parents to Jerusalem to attend the Paschal feast. The magnificent building

and the beautiful services left a deep impression on Him.

He became so absorbed in the religious discussions of the learned men in the temple that He forgot to return home. He asked the doctors questions and gave them answers. They were astonished at His understanding and answers.

His parents left Jerusalem, but soon discovered their loss. Then they went back to seek Him. His mother chided Him, but He said that she might know that He must be about His Father's business. Even then He found great delight in holy service.

He went down from Jerusalem and we are told that He was subject unto them. Strange that Jesus, being so great and holy, should be willing to obey sinful parents such as Joseph and Mary were.

Joseph was a carpenter. Jesus helped him at his trade. He would run errands for His father and be helpful to His mother. He knew how hard it was for children to obey

and He wished to set them a perfect example.

Our Lord never said to His mother: "I won't do it." That wicked, rebellious word never escaped His mouth. When He saw anything in which He could serve and please His parents, He did it. Oh, what happy parents they must have been to have such an obedient, faithful Son!

Absalom was a very wicked man. He got up a rebellion and tried to drive his father from the throne. He made the people believe that King David was not treating them right and that if he were king they might expect justice.

At Hebron he was proclaimed king and came up to Jerusalem. His father fled from the Holy City. But in the battle which occurred Absalom's beard ran under a tree. His beautiful hair was tossed by the wind and caught in the branches. The beard ran away and Absalom hung there. When found by the enemy, in spite of the instructions of

David to save the boy, they thrust darts through his heart and killed him.

David was a sorrowful father and wept bitterly for his son. But Absalom was a disobedient son and deserved his lot.

Hophni and Phinehas were the two wicked sons of the high priest, Eli. Contrary to Jehovah's will they carried the ark of the covenant into the battle against the Philistines. It was taken from them. The Lord forsook them. Both were killed and a messenger brought the news to Eli. He had gone to await the messenger from the battle. In falling he broke his neck. In one day father and sons were killed, the ark of the covenant robbed, the family of Eli was rejected from the honor of the high priesthood. All this because of the disobedience of two bad boys.

It would not do to take Absalom, Hophni and Phinehas as examples for imitation. They are examples of warning.

But in Christ we have the example of a perfect child. From Him we may learn how

to obey father and mother. When your heart gets rebellious, look to Christ and a new spirit will fill you.

“Jesus be our guide,
As through life we glide.
Faithfully in our behavior
May we follow Thee, dear Savior.
Lead us by Thy hand
Through to father land!”



A Savior.

*“Unto you is born this day in the city
of David a Savior which is Christ the
Lord.”*

A SAVIOR.

In 1620 a Dutch trading vessel brought into the James river in Virginia a cargo of negroes. These poor men were captured in Africa. They were dragged from their homes and people. Arriving in America they were sold as slaves. So slavery was introduced into the United States.

The inhabitants of Virginia thought that it would be very profitable to buy these colored men and make them work for nothing on the plantations. It may have been profitable to the owners, but it was a dear experience for our country.

There always were people who thought it wrong for one man to buy and own another and make him a slave. God is the Father of all human beings. They are all His children and therefore brothers and sisters and it is certainly contrary to His will that one man should enslave and abuse another.

Slaves increased very rapidly in the Union. Some of them had fairly good masters, but others had tyrants. These beat the slaves till they bled. They sold the little children away from the parents and caused much heartache.

The question was soon asked: Should these people not be free? Many were in favor of liberating the blacks. There was strong opposition to admitting any more slave states into the Union.

In 1820, just 200 years after slavery was introduced into our land, Missouri applied for statehood. There was a warm discussion. It allowed slavery. Finally it was decided to admit it as a slave state, but that north of latitude 36 degrees 30 minutes and west of the Mississippi River no more slave states were to be admitted.

The question was being warmly discussed for 40 years. Then a President named Abraham Lincoln was elected. He was a man with a very kind heart. It was his purpose to liberate all slaves in America.

Lincoln signed the emancipation proclamation, that is, he signed his name to a paper which declared all negroes in the Union free men. They had the right to leave their masters and begin to work for themselves. No master could pursue them with blood-hounds, or in any legal way get them into his power again.

Abraham Lincoln was the savior of the negroes. He saved them from slavery and gave them freedom.

Let us turn to another savior.

Jacob had a favorite son, Joseph. The father gave him a coat of many colors. It was a richly embroidered Babylonish garment. This made the brothers of Joseph very jealous. Joseph would report their evil deeds to their father. This angered them.

One day Jacob sent Joseph to Dothan to see how the sons were getting along with the flocks. They had many herds and frequently pasture got short. They wandered from

place to place. Joseph went to Dothan, but his brothers were gone to Shechem.

Thither he followed them. When they saw him coming they said: "Here comes the dreamer. Come, let us kill him." What a wicked lot of men they were. They all agreed to this deed but one, Reuben. He wished to cast Joseph into a pit, hoping, undoubtedly, that at an opportune time he would rescue the boy.

Soon a caravan came that way. It was a train of camels all loaded with merchandise. The caravan was going to Egypt. The brothers thought it better to sell Joseph than to kill him. So they bartered him away for 20 pieces of silver.

Poor Joseph was taken down to Egypt. There he was sold into the house of Potiphar, the chief of the guard. Joseph behaved so well that the management of the house was soon entrusted to him.

For 10 years all went well. Then Potiphar's wife wished Joseph to commit a

grievous sin. When she failed to entrap him, she had him cast into prison.

In prison all went well with him. He was soon placed over the prisoners. By interpreting dreams Joseph gained a high rank.

Soon he was called to interpret a dream for Pharaoh. These dreams were to tell the ruler of Egypt that a seven-year famine was coming. Joseph advised him to select a wise man to collect all the surplus grain in the seven years of plenty and lay it up against the seven years of coming famine.

Joseph was selected and gathered up the grain.

This famine also came upon the land where Joseph's father and brethren lived. Jacob sent his sons down to Egypt to buy grain. They were directed to Joseph. He gave them all that they needed.

On their next visit he told them who he was. He asked about his father and told them that there were still five years of famine left. He invited them to come down

to Egypt where they would have plenty to live on. If they were to stay in Canaan they would starve.

He sent wagons and servants after Jacob and his whole family. So they were saved from famine. Joseph saved Jacob and his family from starvation.

Let me show you still another savior.

After Joseph had died another ruler came up in Egypt. He knew not Joseph, nor did he seem to know how Joseph had saved Egypt from famine. This ruler cared nothing for the family of Jacob. He was very cruel to them.

He even ordered the little boys cast into the water. He was afraid that there would be too many Israelites and that they might some day get rebellious.

The people had a very hard lot. They were made to build fortified cities and make brick for them. Each man had a task to perform and if he failed, he was thrashed.

So hard was the lot of the Israelites that they wished to go back to the Holy Land,

whither their God had promised one day to lead them. The people cried to God and He finally heard their prayers and sent to them a deliverer. His name was Moses.

Moses was called of the Lord to lead the Israelites out of Egypt. When he came before Pharaoh to make his business known, the king at once refused.

Moses performed miracles to convince him that the Lord was back of this work. He cast his rod on the ground and it became a serpent. Then he took it by the tail and it was turned into a rod. He took water from the Nile and poured it on the ground and it became blood. He put his hand into his bosom, that is, under his coat, and it was diseased with leprosy. When he put it in again and drew it out, it was well. From these signs he wished to show Pharaoh that Jehovah had sent him.

Pharaoh did not care for Jehovah and would not let His people go. Moses brought plagues on the land. The water of the streams turned into blood. There was

nothing to drink. Frogs came everywhere. They jumped into the beds and cupboards. Frogs, frogs everywhere. Lice came. Also hail, and diseases upon the cattle.

There were ten plagues in all. The last one, the most terrible of them all, made Pharaoh willing to dismiss the people.

The death angel went out and smote the first-born, both of men and beasts. In all the houses and in all the stables and fields there were dead men and cattle. Pharaoh's own son was killed. This struck terror to the hearts of the king and people and they urged Israel to depart from Egypt.

So Moses led them out and he saved Israel from slavery.

Jesus is a Savior, but of an entirely different class from Joseph and Moses and Lincoln. These men saved their fellow men in bodily distress. But Jesus came to save people from their sins. He was the only one who could do that.

A man might rescue you from a burning building, or he might give you bread and

clothing when in need. He might thus become the savior of your body, but he could not be the savior of your soul. No one is able to save your soul from sin and hell but Jesus Christ and, therefore, there is no Savior to be compared to Him. His work abides in eternity.

Jesus means Savior. His name indicated His office and the purpose for which He was born. His name was given Him by the angel who, at the commandment of God, announced it to Joseph. The angel said: "She (Mary) shall bring forth a Son and thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

We name all our children. But most of them do not fulfill the promises contained in their names. We do not know to what particular work they are born and hence cannot correctly name them.

Fredrich means "rich in peace." But some boy who bears the name is a regular fighting cock. He belies his beautiful name.

Margaret signifies a pearl and Agnes a

lamb. But some girls who bear these beautiful names have not the beauty of the pearl nor the humility of the lamb. They belie their names. Of course, their parents hoped that the children would turn out well and the names were to be prophetic. But the parents were deceived.

It was not so with Jesus. God sent Him into the world. He knew what He would accomplish and He gave Him a name in which His life work was forshadowed.

“But,” you ask, “how did He save us?”

In order to explain this I must take you back to the origin of the race.

When the Creator made man He placed him into the garden of Eden. The Lord Himself had planted this garden and furnished it as an abode of man.

To test man's obedience God planted the tree of knowledge of good and evil. He told man that he might eat of every other tree in the garden, but of this tree he should not eat. And He added a penalty for disobedience. He said: “The day thou eatest

thereof thou shalt surely die." So death became the punishment for sin. If man transgressed the commandment of God he was to suffer death.

Satan came into the garden. He was the enemy of God. He wanted to offend Him. In the form of a serpent, Satan came to our first parents and by lies and deception beguiled them into eating the forbidden fruit.

When the Lord called Adam to an account he made excuses. But none of them were sufficient. So the Creator laid punishment upon the disobedient people. Death came upon them and upon all who were born of them.

If Jesus Christ wished to save the race from their sins, He had to bear the punishment of sin, which was death.

He frequently told His disciples that He would have to die in order to complete His life's work. He said: "Break this temple and I will build it in three days." He spoke of the breaking of His body, of His death and resurrection.

His enemies grew very bitter toward Him and sought an opportunity to kill Him. They soon found it. Judas, one of the twelve, betrayed Him. For 30 pieces of silver he told the enemies of Christ where they might find Him.

They took Him and gave Him a mock trial. On the testimony of two false witnesses they condemned Christ. He protested His innocence. But they were determined to kill. They placed a crown of thorns upon His brow. They scourged Him.

He was made to bear His own cross. When He fainted under it, they laid it on Simon of Cyrene. Arriving on Calvary, outside of the city walls, He was nailed to the cross.

Six hours He suffered untold agony. Then He cried out: "It is finished." He bowed His head and gave up the Ghost. The work of salvation was finished. He had paid the penalty of man's sin. He suffered death.

Jesus suffered this death in the place of all men. He died in place of them all.

In olden times, among some nations, when a man was condemned to death it was the custom to give him a cup of poison. The condemned man drank it.

Suppose that a thousand men had been condemned to die. Each man stands with his cup of poison. A man comes along the line and says to the first man: "Let me drink your poison for you." Then he goes to the second man and so on down the line. Of course, the poison kills the man, but all the prisoners are saved. He dies for them. The Bible says that Jesus tasted death for all men.

Christ's death was representative.

The army of the Philistines and the army of Israel once lay encamped opposite each other. Every day for 40 days there was a giant, Goliath, who came out from the Philistine army and challenged any single man to come out and fight him.

He said something like this: "It is not necessary for these two armies to go into battle to settle the difficulty. We can do it

by single combat. I will fight in the place of all my army. You may send out a man who may fight in the place of all your army. If I win, then all my army has won. If I lose, then all my army has lost.”

So he continued to extend this challenge for 40 days. The Israelites heard him, but no man dared to undertake the fight. Goliath was almost 10 feet tall. He was as high as two small men, and a half taller than any common man. No wonder that no one undertook the fight.

Jesse had several sons in the army of Israel. He called his son David from the field where he was keeping sheep and said to him: “Take this cheese and this bread to your brothers. Enquire how they are doing and bring me word again.” Jesse was a true patriot. He sent his sons to fight for the country and showed an interest in the cause.

David came into camp. He finished his business and delivered his eatables. Then

he heard how all the soldiers were discussing the challenge of Goliath.

He heard the giant repeat his challenge. He heard that the king, Saul, was very anxious to have some man accept. He was so anxious that he promised his daughter as wife to any man who would gain the victory.

David felt moved to accept the challenge. He told his brothers, but they made light of the matter. He was only a boy yet.

The word was carried to Saul. He investigated. David told him of his conflict with a bear and a wolf which he had while attending the sheep and said that God who helped him then would help him now.

Saul inclined to let the young man go. He ordered a coat of mail put on him. This was a suit of iron clothes. They were worn by soldiers for protection. When David was dressed in the suit, it was so heavy and clumsy that he could not walk.

He took off the coat of mail and said that he would go in his shepherd garments. All that he wanted for a weapon was a sling.

He was an expert with that. Often when he was out in the fields he would practice and became so perfect that he could hit the mark.

As he walked out to meet the boasting giant he had to walk through the dried up bed of a brook. Here he picked up five smooth stones. He put these in his shepherd's pouch.

The giant was enraged and insulted when he saw the boy coming out to meet him. He wanted to fight with a man. He swore and fumed and told what he would do with David. Goliath felt so sure of the victory that he neglected to pull down the shield of his helmet. This left his forehead exposed.

David came nearer. He told Goliath that he had not come out with staves and spear, but in the name of the Lord. With that he put a stone into his sling and hurled it at the giant. We believe that the Lord directed the stone. It struck the giant in the forehead and he fell down dead.

David leaped upon him and, taking Goliath's sword, he cut off his head.

When the Philistines saw that their champion was dead they all ran. They knew that in the death of Goliath they had all been conquered. The Israelites all pursued and killed as many as they could.

David had won the battle for all Israel, and Goliath had lost it for all the Philistines. It was a battle by representation.

Jesus was our David in the great battle with Satan. Our Savior did not enter this fight for Himself. Satan desired us. But he was so great and strong that no man could successfully fight with him. Then our Lord came and took our place. He fought with Satan and gained a signal victory. And this victory is ours.

If one man steals apples it is not right to punish another for it. The man who commits the deed must also suffer the penalty. So when man sinned, God could not lay the

punishment upon an angel. He must lay it upon man.

Then if the punishment was to be taken away it could not be done by an angel. God asked obedience of men and angels could not render it for them. Only a man could redeem a man.

Sometimes it is necessary to raise an army to keep peace within the country or to ward off the enemy from without. Men are drafted to fill up the army. The President calls for able-bodied men of a certain age and they are obliged to leave their homes and families and business and go to war.

It sometimes happens that a man cannot readily be spared. He has a family depending upon him. But he has a friend and he can go more readily. He becomes a substitute and takes the place of the first man. The President will frequently accept one man for another man. But a woman cannot become a substitute for a man in war. It takes a man to get a man free.

When men were to be redeemed, it could not be done by an angel. An angel could not become a substitute for a man. But a man could take the place of men. Therefore Jesus assumed our nature and was a true man.

He was born of the Virgin Mary. He had a true natural mother. He had a real body and a real soul. He came into the world as small and helpless as other children. He had a nose and eyes and ears and all other members, just like all our children.

He ate and drank. He slept and worked. He grew as other people by taking food and drink. He was a perfect man in every regard. And because He was a true man therefore He could be the substitute of men in the work of redemption.

If a perfect man had been born he could save himself. God would be satisfied with his perfection. Or if he could do any more, he might save one other man. But what good would that do the whole mass of men?

It would help only one, while all the rest would be left in their misery.

Jesus was more than a man. He was God at the same time. But God is infinite and therefore the sufferings of Christ had an infinite merit and were sufficient for all men.

Had our Savior been only a man, He could at best have been a substitute for one other man. But now that He is true God, He is the Savior of the whole human family. He tasted death for all men, that is He suffered death for all men. In Him the whole world is redeemed.

There is but one Savior and that is Jesus. People who do not believe on Him cannot be saved.

If you were going home some day and missed the way, you might attempt to get home, but you would fail. You might get on another way, but the farther that you followed it up, the farther it would lead you from home. If you wanted to go home, you must get on the right way.

Jesus says: "I am the way — no man cometh to the Father but by me."

There was but one man who could declare the slaves of the United States free and that was Abraham Lincoln.

There was but one man who could supply the sons of Jacob with grain and that was Joseph.

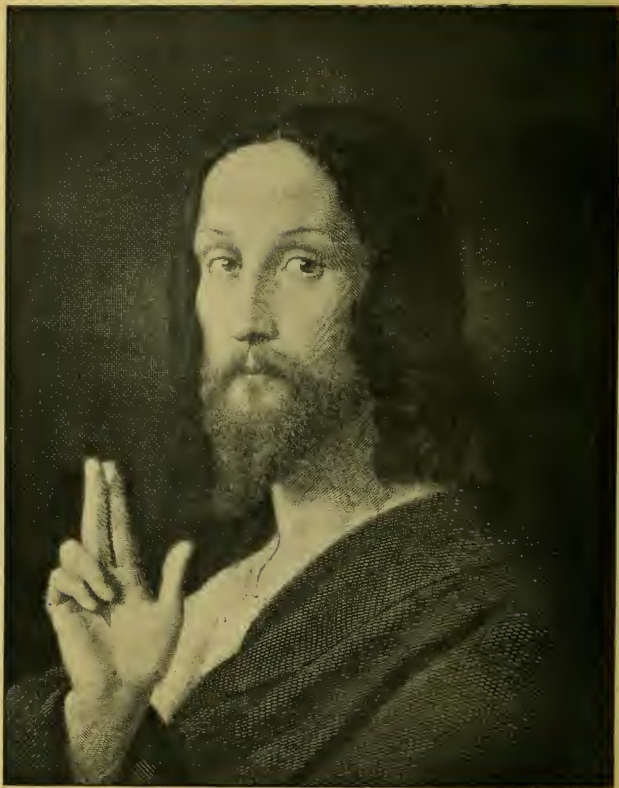
There is but one person who has freed the world from sin and that is Jesus Christ. "There is no other name given among men whereby they may be saved."

"Thou art the way; to Thee alone

From sin and death we flee;

And he who would the Father seek

Must seek Him, Lord, through Thee."



The Great Light.

“I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.”

THE GREAT LIGHT.

A boy named Tom was born in a coal mine. Strange place to be born! His father was a watchman in the mine and had to spend so much of his time in it that he concluded that he would move there.

Coal and mineral are laid in great sheets under the earth. Men dig into the side of a hill and bring these buried treasures out. They often follow a vein of coal or ore a mile or two under the earth. One passage after the other is opened until an old mine looks like the streets of a town. But, of course, it is very dark.

Well, Tom was born in a mine. He grew to be several years old and had never seen the sun. All the light that he knew was the dim light of the miner's lamp. To him it seemed quite bright. His eyes had so adapted themselves to the darkness that he could see very well.

One day little Tom strayed down the main alley farther than usual. He came upon a sudden turn and looking down, away in the distance, he saw such a light as he had never seen before.

He followed it up. As he came nearer it grew brighter and his astonishment grew from moment to moment. It was so bright that it blinded him. But he followed it up. It led him to the mouth of the mine.

When he came to it, he could at first not see at all. His eyes were so sensitive that he could not bear the light. He would close his eyelids and protect his eyes. Then he would open them.

He saw objects that bewildered him. Hills covered with trees, the green earth, far off a silvery thread winding through the fields. But above all a lamp hung up in the heavens which burned so furiously that he could not even take a glance at it.

What a beautiful world he beheld. When he compared it to the dark mine with nothing in sight but coal and mules and men and

lamps, he could scarcely make up his mind to go back. Nor did he, until his mother came. She had missed him and had gone in search of him.

She told him about the blue sky and the white clouds, about the sun, the earth and the trees. She told him many things which she had frequently told him before. But now he understood them in an altogether different way.

After that every day Tom came to the mouth of the mine and soon spent the greater part of his time outside and when he grew larger he could not be persuaded to be a miner. He wanted to live and work in the light of the sun.

What a wonderful blessing sunlight is! The only reason why we do not appreciate it more is because we have grown so familiar with it.

Did you ever get up early enough to see the sun rise? Well, if you are a city boy, even if you are up early enough, you do not see it in all its beauty. You must get out

into the country and watch it. At first there are a few streaks of grey upon the horizon. These are the forerunners of the coming day. Then pencils of red shoot up into the sky and at last there is a flood of light in the east as the day star shoots into view.

Everything rejoices at the return of day. The cattle get up and stretch their limbs and low. Horses sniff the air and run about. Birds and fowl, having roosted at night, sing and crow and men come forth from their houses and go to their work, rejoicing that it is again day.

Have you ever thought of what would become of the world without sunlight? Plants could not grow without it. A potato which sprouts in a dark cellar sends up a pale, sickly sprout and soon dies for lack of light. Man and animals deprived of light are infirm.

If there were no plants there would be no food for men and animals and in a very short time there would not be a sign of life

on earth. It would be dead. The earth depends upon the sun for its life.

Jesus says of Himself, "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." What the sun does for the earth, calling forth life on it and sustaining the same, Jesus does for the souls of men. He gives them life.

Without the teaching of Jesus the world is in dense darkness.

Gentiles have very strange and even wicked notions of God. They are in the dark. Usually they know nothing about the true God, so they make gods unto themselves. Out of wood or stone, silver or gold, they fashion idols and fall down and worship them. These images are frequently very horrid, yet people in their blindness adore them.

Some heathen worship the sun, moon or stars; others pray to mountains or rivers or cattle. Some adore fire or serpents or imaginary beings. But they do not worship the

true God because they do not know Him and cannot find Him. They are so benighted by sin.

Probably these poor people have an inkling that these gods of their own making are not the true God, but their hearts cry out for something to worship and so they invent idols.

They usually have very distorted notions about their gods. The Greeks and Romans had a god of drunkenness called Bacchus. He would get up a carousal and get all the gods on Olympus, the home of the gods, drunken. How could they respect a set of gods who would get drunk! They probably liked the idea, for if their gods got intoxicated it was but natural that the people should follow suit.

The gentiles do not have any clear idea of one God, nor do they understand that this one God is supreme. They do not think Him almighty. They limit the power of their own gods.

So on one occasion Benhadad II of Syria

made war upon Ahab. The battle took place on the mountains and the Syrians were beaten. They ascribed the victory to the God of the Israelites and said that He was mighty only on the heights, for they considered Him a god of the mountains. The year after they renewed the battle and this time they drew the Israelites out on the plain of Jezreel, for they concluded that if Israel's God was a god of the mountains, He would be powerless on the plains. They were again beaten. They had no idea of one God who was all powerful.

How horrid the worship of some of their gods is. We read of Moloch in the Bible. He was a fire god. A large, ugly image was set up. They called it Moloch. This image was heated red hot and then human sacrifices were thrown into its glowing lap and roasted alive. Notably first-born children were desired for sacrifice. Think of a god who would delight in the torture of innocent children!

In India people worship the river Gan-

ges. It is considered sacred. People bathe in it to receive blessings. Into this river mothers throw their helpless babes and drown them. It is pitiable to think that these people are so benighted as to hold that such sacrifices will bring forgiveness of sin and peace of soul. These mothers are, undoubtedly, serious in their religion, else they would not offer their children. They love their little ones as well as we do ours, and it must be a land of darkness where such religious notions prevail.

In most lands where the Christian religion is not known the lot of children is very hard. They are considered a burden on their parents. If these are poor they find it difficult to raise their offspring. They are exposed to heat or cold, to famine and nakedness, until they perish. The parents do not think this a sin.

In China it is a misfortune in a family if a girl baby is born.

In Persia the girls are not sent to school. Some gentile nations question whether a

woman has a soul and they buy and sell her as they do cattle. A man may marry a dozen women in the spring and compel them to put out his crops and attend them. But in the fall, when all the crops have been harvested, he may divorce all these women and save the expense of keeping them over winter.

All these sinful things these people do, because their religion does not forbid them.

Self torture is a common form of worship. God has given us our bodies and asks us to care for them, but gentile religions teach otherwise. The more a man abuses himself, the more pain he inflicts upon himself, the more faithful he is.

In India they practice hook swinging. A large, sharp hook is dug into the flesh of the victim and then, drawing him by a rope upon a pole, he is left to hang there for a day or two in the glare of the sun.

They also burn a widow on the funeral pile. If her husband dies and she wishes to

show how devoted she is to him, she burns herself up. Horrid! Horrid!!

In some countries men run sharp sticks through their cheeks and leave them there for a long time. Others take knives and lacerate themselves; others put stones into their shoes and undertake a journey of 500 miles. Some crawl the same distance. Still others lie down on the ground and measure the entire distance with their bodies. Some are buried alive.

It would take too long to tell of all the horrible things which gentiles do to show their religion. But enough has been said to show that they are in spiritual darkness from which no one can help them but Jesus Christ. He is the light of the world. When men find Him they find the true God and His worship, they are taught His will and the way to salvation, they learn how to treat their children, their wives and their own bodies.

What a difference there is between day and night. Darkness makes men fearful,

while light gives them courage. Most forms of wickedness are practiced in the dark and are therefore also called the works of darkness. Good deeds are done in broad daylight and are called the works of light.

There must be some reason why it is better to live in our land than in a gentile land. This reason cannot lie in the soil and water and air and sunlight, for there are other lands blessed with these as abundantly as our own. Then where is the difference?

The difference is in our religion. We have the true religion, while many lands have false religions. A good tree brings forth good fruit while a corrupt tree brings forth evil fruit.

We have been taught by the Lord Himself. He came into the world to declare unto men the will of His heavenly Father. If your papa wants anything of you he must tell you. You cannot know his will until he speaks of it. No matter how hard you may try to find out his will, you do not know it certainly until he reveals it to you.

No matter how hard men may try to find out the will of God, they can only guess at it until He Himself tells them what He wants. Men cannot see God. They cannot speak to Him. They can only surmise His will.

The gentiles have hunted for the true God. They have sought to discover His will. They have guessed at it, but their guesses have been very wild and all forms of worship and service which they have invented are an abomination to Him. They have not found the light and cannot find it until they know Jesus, the teacher sent from God, to reveal the will of His heavenly Father.

Where people know Jesus and do His teaching how different things are! There people know that there is but one God, not many. There people know how to worship God acceptably and avoid what displeases Him.

When children are born in Christian families there is rejoicing. These little ones are raised carefully. They are sent to school. Above all they are taught to love

Jesus, who is the author of all their blessings.

The light which Jesus gave the world brings happiness and joy wherever it penetrates. How happy it makes the lot of cripples and aged people, the poor and the blind.

Some months ago a native Persian, now in America, heard that his cousin, also a Persian, but now a Christian minister in our land, had gone insane and was in an asylum. "Poor man," said the first Persian, "how I pity him, because they will abuse him so."

I said: "Why will they abuse him?"

He answered: "Do they not abuse people who go insane? In my country they are so hard on the insane and afflicted."

He was glad to hear that people in the charitable institutions and even in the prisons were treated kindly. He could scarcely believe it, but he saw better than before what the religion of Jesus does. It makes people kind to the afflicted, the erring and even to the beasts of the field.

There is but one place to find this Light

of the world and that is in the Bible. Here we have a record of the entire life and teachings of Christ.

People may learn something of God outside of the Bible. They may study His works. They may look at the sun, moon and stars; they may study the mountains and rivers, the plants and animals on the earth; they may look at their own bodies and minds and learn that God is wise and mighty and good. But while all the works of nature testify that there is a Supreme Being who has made them, not any of them give any information upon His will unto salvation.

This knowledge is found alone in the Bible. Here we are told of the work of Jesus, that by sufferings and death He paid the penalty of our sins and took from us the wrath of God.

In the Bible we have the teachings of Jesus. He shows us who the true God is and how we may acceptably worship Him. He shows us how to live, how to love each other and exercise kindness toward each other.

When people find these teachings they find the light and if they apply the doctrine of Jesus in their lives they no longer walk in darkness but in the light.

The chief reason why our country excels gentile lands is because we have the Bible. As long as the heathen nations do not have this blessed book and do not understand its teachings, they will remain in a pitiable condition.

We must send the heathen world the Bible. Along with it we must send teachers and preachers, usually called missionaries. We must send money to help these laborers to live, to erect schools and churches and orphanages and hospitals and asylums. And when the now benighted heathen understand our religion there will be some who will accept it and slowly the whole land will get the benefit. Light will come to the people who sit in darkness.

In Germany there was a large gathering of missionary friends. The pastor of the congregation announced that a returned

missionary from India would preach. This excited the curiosity of many and the church was filled.

The missionary preached. His face was sunburned from the tropical climate of Africa. But his heart burned with love for Jesus and the wretched negroes. The preacher had given himself body and soul to the work of converting the blacks. But he could not succeed without help.

He concluded that he would undertake the long journey home and there enlist greater sympathy for his work.

He told the congregation of the many sinful ways of the people, their worship of idols and even of devils, their brutal ways of treating each other, their fights and brawls and wars, their neglect of children.

“But,” said he, “this may all be changed if the light of the Gospel is shed upon them. Some are already mending their ways.

“We need help. Give us your prayers. Give us your money. Give us your sons.

God will add His blessing and many souls will be won for Christ.”

He closed his address. As the congregation went out the deacons stood at the door and the people dropped their offerings into the plate. It was a goodly collection for the people were touched.

Up in the gallery sat a boy. He heard the plea of the preacher. His heart yearned to do something. But what could he do? He was poor.

He sat there till nearly all the people had gone out. Finally he thought that he must leave. He had not the heart to pass the basket and yet he had nothing to put in. What should he do?

He thought that he would wait till the deacon would go away. But the deacon heard footsteps and thought that there was a belated worshiper. So he would not move; he wanted everybody to give something.

The deacon did not move and the boy could not summon courage to pass the basket.

Suddenly there was a thought flashed into his soul. Who knows but that God sent it to him. The boy stood thoughtfully for a moment, then he braced up and walked boldly to the door.

“Deacon,” said the lad, “hold the basket a little lower.” The good officer thought that since it was a small boy he would hold the basket lower.

“A little lower yet,” said the boy.

The deacon looked a little astonished and held it way down to the boy’s knees.

“Set it on the floor, deacon,” the boy requested.

Down the basket went on the floor.

Then the boy with real religious sobriety stepped into the basket and said: “Deacon, I am almost heartbroken that I am so poor. I never felt it so in my life. I do so much want to give something to the poor heathen. And having nothing else to give I am forced to give myself. I want to be a missionary.”

“Why,” said the officer, “you have given

more than the whole congregation." And so it was.

It is in the power of some poor boy to give himself to the mission work and, if he does, he will give more than any rich man gives who contributes only money, no matter how great the amount.

Our Savior has said: "Go and preach the Gospel unto every creature." Men must surrender their hearts to God and despite the hardships of the work, go and preach.

Some parents discourage their children from going; but thank God, others consecrate their offspring to the Lord and are thankful when He accepts them.

We cannot all become missionaries, nor is it necessary. Some have not the gifts. Others have duties which they cannot leave without great harm. If all wanted to go, there would be too many. Only a few need to go.

But we can all do something which will enable others to go. While we cannot go, we can send the willing ones out, and we can

contribute money to support them in their work.

In this way we ourselves are preaching the Gospel unto the lost world.

Are you ready to forego the pleasure of a little candy or a toy, in order to make an offering to missions? Think of what Jesus has done for you! Think of the blessings which we enjoy under the influence of His teaching! Think of the sacrifices which the missionaries are making in order to bring the Light of the word to the gentiles!

“The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.”



A Mysterious Change.

*“There is a Reaper whose name is Death
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath
And the flowers that grow between.”*

—LONGFELLOW.

*“We shall all be changed in a moment,
in the twinkling of an eye.”*

A MYSTERIOUS CHANGE.

When the children of Israel were on that long journey of 40 years from Egypt to the Holy Land Jehovah fed them with manna. Every morning the ground was covered with a small white substance. It looked like hoar frost. It was sweet to the taste. Each one gathered as much as he wanted for that day. They did not have to work for manna as we do for bread. God gave them this bread from heaven to eat.

After they had enjoyed this manna for a while, they tired of it. They wanted a change. They even murmured against God for sending them only manna.

It seems that sin has made the human heart dissatisfied. It is contented but a little while and then it wants a change.

When a girl gets a doll with real hair and beautiful dresses which can be put on and taken off at will, she says; "Oh, I will never

tire of this handsome doll. I will play with it all my life." But when she has it a week, it is no longer so interesting to her and she longs for a book and when she gets the book the doll is almost neglected.

People everywhere want a change. In part this is natural, God having made us so; and, in part, it is the effect of sin upon our minds.

When winter first comes, how we do enjoy the crisp, frosty mornings. They are so bracing, but in a few months we are tired, we want spring. This coming, we are again very happy to see the grass growing green and all the trees budding, to hear the songs of the returning birds. But it does not last. Again we want summer, with its growing weather and fall with its luscious fruits. We are always glad when the new season comes in.

The boy looks forward to his manhood with great anxiety. He does not wish any longer to be a boy. The young man longs for married life and all the responsibilities

of business. And the middle-aged long for the rest which old age is supposed to bring.

Our life is full of change. It is God's will that we shall pass through the various stages of development from infancy to old age. It is His will that the seasons shall change and that each one shall bring us new delights. It is His will that we have changes in our food and clothing, and that we shall delight in them. It is His will that we may visit other places and scenes and even foreign lands.

Human life is made up of many changes, but there is one coming that is greater than any of which we have spoken. St. Paul says: "We shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." He speaks of the great change called death and of our passing through the resurrection into eternal life. No mind can fully understand how wonderful this mysterious change will be.

We have in nature some wonderful trans-

formations in which out of something ugly, something very beautiful appears.

I am writing this little talk on white paper. One day a rag picker went along the street. With a stick he picked out of the gutter a filthy rag. He put it in his rag bag. He sold it. It wandered to the paper mills. Here it was washed and boiled and cleansed and pressed over and over, until at last it issued from the machine a piece of paper that was spotless and beautiful enough for a king to write on. This was a great change for a rag to make.

As I sit by the table writing I look out of the window upon some green fields and thrifty orchards and in the distance I see the smoke of a busy city. The light falls in upon my table through a large pane of glass. Where did the glass, so pure and transparent, come from?

There goes a man with a horse and wagon and a shovel. He is going after a load of sand. He intends taking it to a factory. Here the sand will be mixed with

other things, then it will be poured into a furnace. This is hotter than the furnace into which the three young Hebrews were cast. The sand is all melted and changed into a liquid state.

Men stand around the furnace and thrust blow pipes into it. On the end of the pipe a bit of the molten mass adheres. The men blow through the pipes. The lump expands. Then it is cut and laid out to cool. The sand has been changed into glass. What a mysterious change!

Some years ago I was rowing on a body of water. All around on the surface there floated the most beautiful lilies. One could scarcely believe that down in the slimy, filthy bottom a bulb had been planted in some way. It germinated and a stem shot up through the slime and worked its way out to the light and air on the surface. A bud came and it burst and there lay the lily floating on the surface and turning its face toward the sun and by its beauty of form and color praising its Maker. Could one

believe that out of the slime and mud of the river bottom, such a beautiful creature could come? Yet it was there. It was a great change.

To most children, and for that matter, to most adults also, there is something disgusting about a caterpillar. One hates to touch them as they eat their fill on the trees or on plants. How dreadful those look which have a kind of horn on them!

But when the caterpillar has eaten enough, he spins a web around himself and passes into a cocoon. He takes a long sleep. Then the cocoon seems to move a little. In a day or two it bursts open and behold the butterfly! What a change from a caterpillar to butterfly!

The Bible teaches that at the beginning the Maker took dust and out of it He fashioned the human body. It was perfect and beautiful.

But when Adam and Eve, in the garden of Eden, ate of the forbidden fruit, death came upon the human body. It now passes

back to dust whence it was taken. When a man dies, we bury him and after a few years there is nothing left of him but some dust.

While the body returns to dust, it is a very disgusting sight and very offensive every way. So we deposit our dead in the earth that we need not witness this change.

But we are taught that the same God who made the body out of dust will out of the decayed dust bring forth a new body which will surpass the old body in beauty and perfection as the butterfly surpasses the caterpillar.

“The hour is coming in the which all that are in their graves shall hear His voice and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.” John 5, 28.29.

People may ask the question: “How is this possible?” We will answer that by asking two other questions: “How was it possible for God to make the body originally out of dust?” And: “How is it possible

for God out of food, out of bits of bread and meat and fruits today to build up our bodies?" It is possible because He is almighty. He can at last take the human body through the mysterious change, called in the Bible the resurrection.

We know that something akin to this has already been done.

Elisha, the prophet, was frequently entertained by a rich Shunamite woman. As a reward for her kindness the prophet promised her a son, she being childless. After some years the lad went into the field. He seems to have had an attack of sunstroke. After a few hours he died.

The mother in her distress sent for Elisha and coming he brought the child back to life.

Jesus raised Lazarus after he was dead already four days and was stinking. The Savior also raised up the daughter of Jairus and the son of the widow of Nain and He says: "I am the resurrection and the life, he

that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live.”

But our Lord did not only display this power on others. Most wonderful of all He displayed it upon Himself.

His friends took Him down from the cross on Calvary and buried Him in a new grave that was hewn into a rock. They rolled a heavy stone before the mouth of the grave and went away.

His enemies set a watch around the stone and sealed it. They were afraid that the disciples of Jesus would come and steal his body and say that He had arisen.

But on the third day, invisible hands rolled the stone back. The soldiers fell to the ground and terror-stricken they ran into the Holy City. Then Jesus came forth and showed Himself to his friends.

If Christ was able to overcome death in Himself and others, He will certainly be able to fulfill His promise and take us through the mysterious change.

All the dead shall come forth. Some

have died and their friends have laid them to rest in the grave, the proper sleeping chamber of the dead. But some have died and been buried at sea, probably the fish have devoured them. Others have been consumed by fire, others have been swallowed by the earth as were Dathan and Abiram and Korah who rebelled against Moses and Aaron. How will these come back? Listen.

A chemist stood before his class one day and was explaining to them the nature of two liquids. Accidentally a cup slipped from his hands. It fell into an acid so sharp that it was soon dissolved. Just as sugar melts in tea, so there are liquids strong enough to dissolve metals.

The chemist took another bottle and poured its contents in the first vessel. Slowly the liquid gave up the metal again. It lay on the bottom. He gathered it up and out of the lump of metal he again made his cup.

No matter in what manner death may

have come to man, no matter what has become of his body, God can find the particles again and bringing them together, He can fashion a new body.

The Resurrection Day will be awful. It shall be preceded by signs in the sun, moon and stars. They shall lose their light. The sea shall become furious, rushing landward and washing away cities.

The archangel shall blow his trumpet. Probably it will be Gabriel, this distinguished messenger of God who stands near His throne. He was sent to announce the birth of John the Baptist to Zacharias, and of Jesus to Mary. He has rendered much important service to the kingdom of God on earth and probably he will be entrusted with the announcement of the coming of the Judge.

When the dead hear this blasting of the angel's trumpet they will obey the summons. Of course, they will not all come from their graves with the same willingness.

The prisoner who comes from his cell to

be hanged comes in a different spirit from him who comes to be released. The one comes with dread, the other with joy.

Some dead shall come forth to damnation. Their new bodies shall not be glorious. Other dead shall come forth unto life eternal and they shall be clothed with bodies that are perfect and beautiful beyond all description.

We do not know in detail just what the new body shall be like. We only know that our bodies then shall be like the glorious body of Jesus. It was white as the light. It moved with the swiftness of lightning and was not limited to space as is ours.

It was not subject to suffering or pain.

That new body will be free from all imperfections. Sin has left its trace in this body. Some are cripples, others blind and lame, others lack members, due to accident and disease; but it will not be so there. The corruptible will put on the incorruptible, the mortal will put on the immortal. Dis-

ease will not affect us and everything about us will be perfect.

You have probably known some little hunch-back. How glorious it will be for this little body to be erect. You have known some one here who lacked an eye. God will give him perfect sight there. As the body was perfect when it came forth from the hand of God, so it will be again perfected and glorified there.

There is a festival in the church year on which our attention is especially called to the great change coming. It is Easter, the day on which we celebrate the resurrection of Jesus and rejoice in His return from the dead, bringing us the knowledge of the life beyond the grave.

There was once a little island on which the people lived very contentedly. But there was one thing that gave the people a great scare.

One day while many were down on the sea shore watching the tide come in and listening to its swish as the waters rushed over

the pebbles, some one sighted a ship. It stood way out at sea. Ships had frequently been seen. They had landed too, and so no one made any ado about the sail.

The people went on in their sports. The children had buckets and spoons and dug up the white sand. Some of the men were digging clams and prepared to roast them. A few boys gathered sea weeds and some waded into the surf and hallooed when the swell came in and lifted them from their feet.

Meantime the ship drew nearer. People noticed that not only the hull but even the sails were black. That was unusual. It caused some remarks. Closer and closer the vessel came. It stood in for the shore.

The people stood in wonderment. A life-boat was lowered and the sailors pulled for the shore. There was not a smiling face among them.

Before the islanders knew what was being done, the sailors had landed, snatched up a few people nearest to them, forced

them into the life-boat and rowed for the vessel. The captives were put on deck and away the crew sped.

The islanders were frantic. Their friends were snatched away from them. They waited a week and then a month to hear from them, but no message came.

The people were beginning to recover from their fright. They went to the beach as before.

Again the black vessel hove in sight. The islanders made ready to resist a landing. But as they fought a few were drawn into the life-boat and disappeared leaving behind no trace of their whereabouts.

There was unusual sadness all over the island. Homes were made desolate and hearts were broken. Life seemed a dread for no one knew on what day he would be robbed and taken on that journey from which so far no one had returned.

Another day came. From the beach there arose the frightful cry: "The black ship! The black ship! To arms! To arms!"

There was terror everywhere; strong men stood rooted to the earth. Their jaws chattered and their knees trembled.

The black ship landed. The people resisted but the result was just the same. When the black vessel withdrew it took with it a hundred inhabitants.

But see! there is one more courageous than the rest. He has jumped into a little boat, he has spread its sail and is cutting his way through the waters after the boat.

“Oh, how foolish! What can he do? Do come back!” These were the cries which were heard. But he went on.

There was no trace of him. Night came, but there was no news. His friends were sad, because he was such a good man and they had built their hopes on him. Another day passes and still there is no news from him.

But on the third day, early in the morning as the islanders were going to the beach for their morning bath, some one with keener sight than the rest, sees a tiny speck

out on the horizon. He tells the rest but they cannot yet discern it.

In a half hour they all see the tiny white sail. It is set for the shore. Then the little boat becomes visible. They all crowd around the shore.

They recognize the occupant. It is their brave leader. They cheer him as he lands and are thankful that they have him alive.

And this was his message: "I have found our missing friends. The black ship which robbed them from us, has landed them on the shores of a very beautiful island. They are all happy. They sing songs of redemption and deliverance. They are better off than we are. The black ship will come again. It will take us to them and we shall be happy with them."

This island is the earth. Men were happy here till the black ship, death, came. It carried away friends from each other and men were helpless against it.

Jesus is the bold leader who went and followed the black ship. He went into

death. His friends were very sad when he left them.

But on the third day He returned, bringing the joyful message that there is another world beyond the grave and that all who believe in Him are happy in heaven. He has promised us that in that better world we may meet our friends and be with them forever.

We must pass through a great change. Death is awful — the most dreadful thing on earth. We fear it. But Jesus has tasted death and has taken away its horrors, assuring us that the big black vessel will land us on the shores of eternity and that there in a glorified body in the company of saints and angels we shall live happily forever.

God has made us to live and, therefore, we cannot love death. But it becomes less terrible by the teaching of Jesus.

We are all waiting until our great change comes. If we are believers in Christ we know that that change shall bring us deliver-

ance from all evil in this vale of tears and blessedness with Jesus forever.

“Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep but we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible and we shall be changed.” I Cor., 15, 51.52.

OCT 19 1908

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Oct. 2005

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

BV
431
S

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 017 042 284 3

